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# The Natal Cord

and

# Other Poems

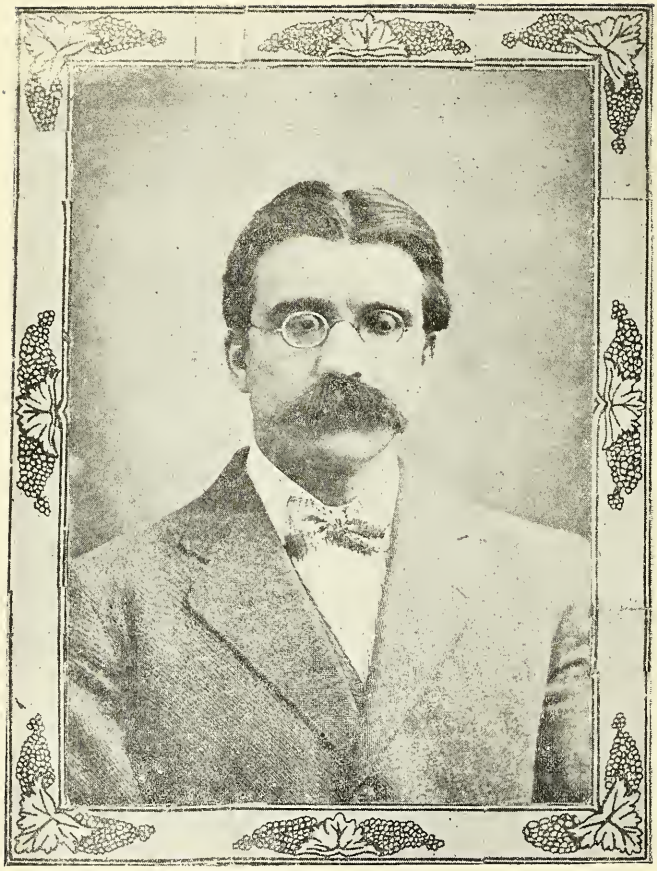
by

George Keller DeLong

1913

Published by the Author

Price 35 Cents



*George Keller DeLong.*

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Pennsburg, Pa.

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# MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

## MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Man makes for *fact*—self-evident *reality*.
Fact makes for *knowledge*—the *apprehension* of reality.
Knowledge makes for *sense*—the *appreciation* of reality.
Sense makes for *truth*—the *comprehension* of reality.
Truth makes for *justice*—the *apportionment* of reality.
Justice makes for *responsibility*—the *application* of reality.
Responsibility makes for *liberty*—the appropriation of reality.

*Moreover*

Liberty is worth while only as there *is* responsibility.
Responsibility is worth while only as there *is* justice.
Justice is worth while only as there *is* truth.
Truth is worth while only as there *is* sense.
Sense is worth while only as there *is* knowledge.
Knowledge is worth while only as there *is* fact.
Fact is worth while only as there is man.

*Furthermore*

I have *faith* that *God* dominates the destiny of all.
I have *hope* that *God* hath infinite resources and is gracious.
I have *love* to share *God's* blessings with every one who will.

The above basic principles of my philosophy and my *faith* (which is the outgrowth of philosophy) are here given to satisfy those who want to know my *politics* and my *religion*. I have little sympathy with factional or sectarian strife.

GEORGE KELLER DeLONG.

# PRELUDE.

## LURE OF THE STARS.

How often have I gazed into the night;
Yea braced mine arms desiring to embrace
The glow of promise as the stars would grace
My hopeful heart with fathomless delight.

"Fear you not darkness child, know you not fright—
Nor dread the veil of gloom—so blithe to face
The deep abyss where mysteries efface
The shadows past, of day, with gruesome blight?"

"The night is dark but lo, the stars, the stars!
The shadows of the day—despairing ghosts—
Have vanished while the stars still brightly shine.
Thus, beckoned from on high, vain fear least mars
The calling, through the night, of heavenly hosts
That bid me *ever make their height all mine.*"

# THE NATAL CORD.

THE NATAL CORD.

To the wild of western frontier
Pushed ambitious pioneers:
Fertile soil there promised bountier—
What, though fiercer too the fears?

Strove a colony together—
Cleared the brush and felled the trees:
Waving wheat soon vied with heather
Yielding fully its increase.

And of logs was built a village:
Humble homes, but deemed secure.
Here no robbers seek to pillage
Such as other lands endure.

For their neighbors were the Indians,
And these never barred their door;
But they heeded not the *'rind-yanks,'*
Which they must so soon deplore.

Ah! the *'rind-yank'*—ruthless Yankee—
Coming, not in search of home;
But to cheat the Indians, then flee—
Leave his dues the settler's doom.

And the settlers, unsuspecting,—
Born of natal brother love,—
Trust a rind-yank—not electing
That 'tis need one first to prove.

Now a 'rind-yank' came—unheeded
Shelter with the settlers found,—
To the wild he then proceeded,
Sought the Indians to confound.

When the Indians he had cheated—
Their opinions had misled,—
Though their vengeance he had heated,—
To the village back he fled.

From the village he then ventured—
Whither, no one ever knows.
Would he care if they were censured?
Cared he if they suffered woes?

From the wild the Indians followed—
Came within the settlers' town
As their warriors wierdly hollered
While their old men wore a frown.

From the settlers they demanded
To deliver up the thief;
"The deceiver must be handed
Over to our honest chief."

Then the settlers vainly pleaded—
Swore they knew not where he went;
And the old men they entreated
To disclose what caused this rent.

Then an aged Indian answered—
Gravely, shocking words he spoke:
"To our Indian camp he transferred
Poisons such as death provoke.

"Much fire-water he had brought us
To confuse our warriors bold;
This, and more, 'tis what has wrought us
Full of wrath we can't withhold..

"Where the Serpent Mound shows plainly
Whither warriors journey forth,
There the squaws are weeping vainly
While the breeze is speeding north:

"Weeping o'er the vacant snowshoe;
Weeping o'er the bow unstrung.
If you doubt, we fain would show you
How our bond of peace is sprung."

Then the spokesman of the settlers
Strove to thus their wrath appease:
"If there is a ruthless meddler
Who disturbs the Indians' peace

"We are willing him to punish
As your wise chief well decrees;
Thus all settlers to admonish
Honestly to keep the peace.

"Let as many as have seen him,
Search our settlement quite o'er.
We have surely never been in
Such a trouble e'er before."

But the rind-yank now had vanished
Far beyond the danger zone.
Fierce fire-water peace had banished
Now must massacre atone.

So the warriors shrieked most wierdly
As their warwhoop rent the air.
Where will soon their most endeared be?
Every soul was in despair.

But the warriors all departed
And the settlers felt relieved,
Till the wail of mothers started
When they found themselves bereaved.

There were many children missing:
Then the young men volunteered
To pursue—not least then guessing
How the Indians little feared.

For the Indians them eluded
And were soon beyond their reach:
Thus their vengeance was concluded—
They'd perforce the settlers teach.

II.

Now these children were adopted
To be Indians like the rest:
But their mothers—had they dropped dead,
Would have deemed it far more blest.

They would then think of the angels
That were winging round the throne.
Now their lot was only anguish
With but faint hope to atone.

Out of anguish oft they'd borrow—
Dreading what might be their end.
Out of anguish of their sorrow
Would their peals of prayer ascend:

Rachel for her children weeping,
Yet they were not to be found.
Anguish, bitter anguish, wreaking –
Haunted by a Serpent Mound.

III.

The militia of the nation
Long had lost the only clue
When some Indian provocation
Stirred up other trouble too.

Now the Indian tribes were captured,
And deported ev'ry one;
While another hope enraptured
Many hearts when this was done:

An appealing prayer was offered
Both to heaven and to the world—
Also willing aid was proffered
That the truth might be unfurled.

"Many white-mans' children, painted,
Are among that savage hord.
God, and Gov'nor, truth is tainted
If ye seek not to assort."

Many mothers volunteering
To apply the scrubbing brush
Caused the governor's own appearing.
These anxieties to hush.

And each Indian got a cleaning
As the circumstance behooved;
Thus from out their number gleaning
Many that the nation's proved.

But they all were so appended—
Mothers no more recognized:
Their enraptured hope was ended
Soon as e'er they scrutinized.

Came a mother, far, far distant—
Long she'd mourned her loved ones;
Now she scrutinized the list, and
Found nor daughter's like, nor son's.

All the pent up hope she'd cherished
Burst with an hysteric spell:
All the joy she'd nursed, now perished—
Sore to hopeless grief she fell.

IV.

Now the gov'nor, as a brother
Sympathy would fain impart,
Came and touched this grief crazed mother:
"Mother, come, pour out your heart,

"Come and tell me how you nursed them;
By what names you fondly called;
By what sentiments you versed them;
E'en the threats that most appalled.

"See my hair to gray is turning,
Yet I still remember well
Mother's songs in mem'ry burning;
Come let's try it—who can tell?"

"Ah, we had the Indians friendship
Till once we a trader lodged;
But away at night he'd then slip—
Stealthily detection dodged.

"When the sun rose in the morning
Came a warrior to our house.
Boldly he displayed a warning
Which grave fear in us did rouse.

"On this morning all then gathered
In assembly to account
Why this warrior thus had scattered
Leaves as though insults to flaunt.

"Then an old man spoke most gravely
Filling all our hearts with dread:
Then we prayed, and hoped most bravely
Till our anxious fears were fled.

"'Twas the last my fated lost ones
Heard me sing to hush their fear
When I lulled my dearly loved ones
Never more my voice to hear:

"On a bed of leaves I'd laid them,
Where they slept in blessed peace;
There the Indians stole, to trade them—
Since that time I've known no peace:

"They were searching for the trader
Who, they claimed, had done grave wrong.
Failing with the shrewd invader—
Then they took my babes along.

"There before mine eyes they took them,
And I fell within a swoon.
Think not that I least forsook them—
All their work was done so soon.

"Ere the warning could be sounded—
Though all odds were 'gainst the town—
Through the forest they had bounded:
Like a vulture they were flown.

"I had trusted God's great mercies;
I have hoped in vain so long
Yet once more I'll sing the verses
Of their fondest nursing song.

## SONG.

*"Hush my darling, sweetly slumber,*
*Nestle in thy downy bed;*
*Guarding angels without number*
*Softly round thy trundle tread.*

*Though the storm be howling wierdly;*
*Though the clouds be dark and drear—*
*Jesus bideth ever near thee—*
*Sleep, and dream thou not of fear."*

Full of pathos—most appealing—
Forth her mother love did pour,
Full the natal cord revealing.
*"Mother"*—She'd been heard before.

From among the ranks ran forward
With their arms outstretched towards her—
Son and daughter no more cowered
Once the bosom chord did stir.

April 8, 1907.

## BLEST NATIVITY.

Nor cattle stall nor manger low
Could desecrate the living soul—
Oh blest nativity.
Nor humble birth nor poor estate
Could wrest God's entity.

Nor star more bright, nor hosts more fair
Could celebrate to render thus
Secure maternity
And unto *man*, God's erring child,
Insure *Eternity*.

Midst clash of swords of waring knights,
Whom avarice and greed must goad
To dire adversity,
The world is wrenched with deeds of gore
Hell fire asperity.

Midst toppling thrones of famished realms
Above the trumpet's vain appeal
Rings out a melody;
A host of heavenly choirs sing
About tranquility:

"For unto you this day is born,
Midst cattle in a manger low,
In all humility,
The *Prince of Peace* to rescuse, from
The fall, humanity."

And thus it is the ages down
That in the many humble poor
God vests prosperity;
For in the humble of the world
There rests posterity.

## LAMENT FOR MY ALMA MATER.

Once, "Woodman spare that tree"—the poet wrote,
And with his tears did melt the woodman's heart:
Now to my Alma Mater I devote
My flowing tears which crystalize to art.

Beneath the spreading tree the poet played,
Thus to his heart became the spot endeared:
Within thy walls infinites have swayed
Which to the land a zealous poet reared.

Beneath those leaves, which fluttered in the breeze,
Long after many tourists sought the spot:
The thought, to crystal art, my tears does freeze,
For when they fain would seek thee, thou art not.

Though thou must fall, since progress so demands,
And I must miss thee through each after year.
Though I must weep yet shall my busy hands
Upon thy grave a monument uprear.

Not like the pyramids of Egypt's plains;
Not like the marble marks of mortal's grave—
But an immortal dome wrought with my pains
That I, from doomed oblivion, thee might save.

Written March 14, 1905, on hearing that the Long Swamp Central School building was to be torn down at the end of the 1904-1905 term.

## THE CITY OF LIGHT.

Borne on the pinions ambition unfolds—
Born of that glow which forever upholds,
Dazzling and shining, the arch ever bright,
Bidding one enter the City of Light.

Holding aloof with a beautiful charm;
Battling the odds through the storm and the calm:
Onward and upward the glorious flight
Hoping to enter the City of Light.

Glorious only, while hope does assay—
Gracing ones pinions to bear through the fray,
Even ignoring the pains of ones plight
Striving to enter the City of Light.

Way in the distance the city is seen,
Oh for that grace which is ever serene,
Struggling and striving with uttermost might—
Bravely approaching the City of Light.

Nothing must daunt one nor ever affright,
If one would win then one bravely must fight
On through the darkness the black of the night
Led by the glow of the City of Light.

## OVER THE SEA.

Onward and forward and toward the sea,
Enthralled by strange voices, thus guided are we:
Roaring, the breakers roll over the shoals—
The billows' weird murmur entices our souls.

Tossed on the billows is many a craft
Entreating the breezes swift onward to waft
Ships that are laden with treasures most rare.
Most blessed the pilot whose ship the waves spare.

Beacons that gleam from celestial heights
Entail the safe courses ambition incites.
Beacons revealing the dangerous rock
Flash curses on pilots who foolishly mock.

Mists may enwrap us in gruesomest plight,
Still hopefully groping our course through the night.
Onward we venture, since quit means defeat
And that we should ne'er, while alive, dare to greet.

Better to rock on the billows that surge
Than stranded on shoals from which place naught may urge,
Better to struggle 'gainst gruesomest odds
Than idly to wait on the luck of the gods.

Onward and forward and over the sea
To havens where treasures our glory shall be.
Tempests defying we break through the wave
Our efforts displaying our treasure to save.

## THE LARK'S SONG—THE JOY OF GRADUATION.

The dawn! the dawn! the breaking dawn!
The morning stars are paling:
Oh happy youth, with joy to grasp
The moment most availing.

The height! the height! the luring height!
The mountain brow is golden—
The tempting steep to dare brave youth,
With vigor to embolden.

The dew! the dew! the sparkling dew!
Kissed by the early sunbeams:
The splendor pure of early morn—
The beads where moths have spun dreams.

The sea! the sea! the troubled sea!
The surging waves are raging
And only to the daring brave
Its murmur is engaging.

A sail! a sail! a wide spread sail!
Is wafted on the ocean—
Up shooting like an altar's flame
Of brave marines' devotion.

A bell! a bell! a storm tossed bell!
Is wierdly tolling warning:
'Tis sweeter to the pilot's ears
Than mystic mermaids' mourning.

The shore! the shore! the distant shore!
The goal's inviting haven;
But none may hope to enter in
Whose *will* and *dare* cry craven.

Sail on! sail on! oh youth sail on!
Doubt not the glowing vision,
For doom is sealed upon the brow
That spurns a fond ambition.

## GRADUATION GLORY

Now the zephyrs kiss the clover
  And the clover cleaves the dew
While the dew has cleft the sunbeams,
  But the sunbeams smile on *you*.

## DAWN OF DAY.

Now the lark salutes the morning
  While the morning hails the dawn
And the dawn proclaims a triumph—
  Lo, the triumph is thine own.

## WEALTH ON THE WAVES.

Now the breeze a sail is wafting;
  Surging waves a ship breaks through,
While the ocean heaves in splendor
  Lo! the ship sails unto you.

## TRUE AND TRIED.

Now the mountain hails thy valor:
  Thou wert called, nor durst to weep,
To acquit thyself most manly—
  Challenged by the tempting steep.

## TOLLS TRIUMPHANT.

Now the bells ring out a triumph,
  Gentle breezes waft their toll,
And the toll proclaims laudation
  While laudation hails thy role.

## THE GLOWING GOAL.

Now the goal in glowing splendor
  Spurs the vigor of the knight
And the vigor urges daring
  While the daring proves thy might.

## SCENT OF SANCTITY.

Now the nymphs have touched the rosebud
  And her glory forthwith spread:
Lo! the air is filled with incense
  By the fragrance she has shed.

## TREASURES THINE.

All the faded stars are blended
  To a firmament of blue
While the very richest treasures
  Now adorn the world for you.

## SEED IN THE SOIL.

Now a root has cleft the soil
  For a germ has burst its shell,
Spurning not the fruitful toil.
  Thou hast more achieved and well.

## DAZZLING DEW.

Now the daisy cleaves the dew
  And the dew has cleft the beams.
As thou cleavest knowledge new
  And art dazzling as beseems.

## COUPLETS.

My sincere congratulation
In thy happy graduation.

May it be thy happy fate
Further still to graduate.

Speed thee well nor hesitate
Further still to graduate.

## MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Birthday Greeting.

Happy day with naught to spurn
May it oft to thee return.

Now another year is done,
Now another is begun,
Day of all the days that flee
May it oft return to thee.

On this birthday my salute
Fain would fear and dread refute
So that hope and love may bless
All thy days with happiness.

## EPIGRAMS.

### *Woman's Way.*

Do as you please about it, dear,
'Tis not for me to scold you;
But surely you will lose, I fear,
And mind that I *have told you*.

### *Hiss! Bully, Hiss!*

I only wish I were a dog
A lady's lap to hold me
Yet with my wife in dialogue
A *cur* she dared to scold me.

### *Woman.*

She dances, laughs and sings with glee—
Her heart feigns at rejoicing:
Her thus, externally, we see—
Ah woe, but for her poising.

### *Man.*

He struts about and cracks his wit
To get the ladies smiling
And make them think that he is it:
A monster at beguiling.

## THE ICE CREAM COW.

*To the tune of Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*

Happy are the boys and girls sipping at an ice cream cone
Smiling while the toothsome soothing ice cream cheers.
And in visions bright and clear unto them this scene is shown
As the cow that gives the ice cream there appears.

*Chor.*

Grazing, grazing in the meadow, gath'ring cream upon the lay
Oh the busy bovine boss
Of her time she knows no loss
For she's chewing, chewing, chewing all the day.

In the meadow by the brook and the pasture of the hills
Or submitting humbly chained within her stall
While the babbling of the brook or the rippling of the rill
Is the song to which attunes her lowing bawl.

## THE PRODIGAL RECLAIMED.

A maiden fair once loved a vagabond,
She knew his sins, yet this could not astound.
She hoped, she pled, she strove him to reclaim;
And he, in anguish, often would exclaim:

*Chor.*

It breaks my heart to have you love me so—
Your fond caresses fill my heart with woe;
For I deserve not love but bitter hate.
I'm done—I know your love has come too late.

He drank, he gambled—lived a life all vain.
Despite his sins her love did never wane.
When all was spent, and he was on the bum,
She took him in—when from his lips would come:

She chided not his sins with idle threat.
She fawned, caressed—in ways such as beget
A feeling strange, unmanning any man.
She triumphed yet—and then his praises ran:

*Chor.*

It cheers my heart to have you love me so.
Your fond caress is heaven right here below.
By grace divine I yet shall compensate,
For after all your love was not too late.

## WHERE THE SUNSHINE LINGERS LONG.

My life was void and useless so that living was a bore
I knew nor joy nor sorrow had anything in store,
Till gloom encircled so around me
I wished that life had never found me.
Till gloom encircled so around
I wished that life had me not found.

*Chor.*

I cannot love a girl, but if there's sunshine in her hair—
That makes my heart to leap so strange, which changes the affair
With whom the sunlight lingers longest
For that one fair my love is strongest.
With whom the sunlight lingers long
For that one fair my love is strong.

One day I wandered idly and I met a maiden fair—
My indolent and gloomy mood took on another air:
My heart would fain impart caresses
Since she had sunlight in her tresses.
My heart would fain impart some care
Since she had sunlight in her hair.

At once I was a gentleman and urged myself about;
And now I am the happiest—my life is changed throughout,
Though Sun and Moon and Stars be hidden
For me there's sunshine when 'tis bidden.
Though Sun and Moon and Stars may hide
For me the sunlight does abide.

## A TOAST—Come, Let Us Brighten the Day.

Weep if you must over sorrow,
But laugh while you may in your joy.
Grief you may wantonly borrow,
But pleasures, alas, are so coy.

Sad is the fate of the sighing,
How sweet is the lot of the gay,
Drear are the hearts that are crying:
Then come *let us brighten the day.*

## TO MY LOVE—A Toast.

Dearest Only—
Hovering ever in my dreams,
Constantly haunting me in my waking,
Stirring my heart into convulsions,
And setting my jaws grinding:
My teeth are worn with gnashing—
My head is heavy
And my heart is full.

If my love were water then were my heart
the source of a mighty river:
If thou were a valley, thou wert a sweeping flood;
If thou were a plain, thou wert a raging sea;
If thou were a mountain, thou wert a roaring cataract;
If thou were a cliff thou wert a tumbling falls
All this thou wert if I might cover thee.
*Ever hovering sublimity*:
If thou wert *'IF'*, but *'IF'* is void.

Thou art alone:
But what am I.
Lo, thou art high—yet shall I cover thee.
Yea thou art high, and I am at thy feet.
High lifts thy head above perpetual freezing altitudes.
Low lies my heart—a constant burning
Like the depth of a boiling geyser.

Above the clouds, far famed, thou mayest hold aloof
Yet shall my love ascend still higher
And on thee descend—perpetual snow,
And all the world shall know
When thou, most envied, shalt be hailed afar—
Hence and immortally My Love—
The inspiration of my every theme.

## HUMILITY AND THE NUDITY OF ART.

Gazing in wonderment upon the nude statues in an art gallery, seeing them for the first time, the blush of shame permeated through my sad humiliated sense.

There they stood with every gesture, every feature and every pose, a symbol in rythmic accord revealing, in concrete mould, the power and purpose of harmony divine.

Humiliated by virtue of their perfect form, convicting me of my depraved deformities, and hence my shame. Humiliated indeed, but outraged never.

'Tis well to be humiliated so, and thus evoke to pennance, vain and haughty pride; and with an humble firm resolve to seek expatriation by atonement due.

HUMILIATED—By Idealistic or Symbolic Art.

I gazed at art in bold array
Whose nudity then shamed me:
I felt to shun the light of day—
*There perfect form defamed me.*

ANGERED—By Realistic or Mirrored Art.

I gazed into a crystal pool
And drew away with horror:
I felt to hang the "virgin fool"
*Whose art my fault must borrow.*

VERSES DEBUT.

The day of my debut,
The launching of my ship,—
The floating of Songs new,
With savor for each lip—
Recalls to me the day
When to a Battle Ship
I wrote a Launching Lay
Ere down the stocks sh'd slip.

LAUNCHING LAY.

To the Battle Ship Louisiana, written August 20th, 1904. Ship launched August 27th, 1904.

Flee to thy destiny,
Break through the waves,
Meet each emergency
With grace that saves.

Save from humility,
Save from disgrace;
Save our integrity—
Victor always.

If nations greedily
Spurn our essay,
With all fidelity
Plunge in the fray.

Rod of our chastity
Ply not in vain;—
Neath thy grave battery
Peace ever Reign.

Reigns then tranquility
Neath our ensign,
Guard e'er our liberty
Gainst the malign.

All the year of 1904 I worked on the Battle Ship Louisana; helped to wedge her off the stocks at the launching, and when afloat, I helped to hang her armor.

This poem, to the Battle Ship Louisana is appropriate here in that it is the poetry of the launching of my own Ship or Song.

# WHEN THE WORLD WAS WILD.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS WILD.

When all the world was yet a Wilderness and beasts reigned Supreme, the Fox tried to cheat the Lion out of his crown. Therefore the Fox, who was very cunning, conspired with the Jackals, who were very fleet, to destroy the Lion.

One night as the Lion went about his domain and strode along in dignified disdain of fear, alert and bold—confidently anticipating the usual tribute of quarry whch the Jackals were want to bring unto his majesty, (though chafing under his sovereignty by holding aloof whenever he deigned to accept what the Jackals dreaded to deny his wants)—he came upon a strange and disgusting scene. The Fox, a brute of superior rank among the beasts, was debasing himself ignominiously by mingling with a pack of Jackals as if solicitous of their approbation. Of this the Lion took the merest notice and turned away in utter disgust.

If the Lion had stopped to watch and listen, which was however beneath his dignity, he would have detected a conspiracy which was contrived against his own majestic sovereignty. The Lion, however, unconscious of danger, devoid of dread or suspicion and too proud to recognize a repugnant situation, ignored the carousal of the Jackals with the Fox and continued his survey in an opposite direction.

The Fox, sly and cunning as he was, was so elated over his success in bringing so many Jackals under his influence on this occasion that he was too absorbed in his plot to heed the Lion as his majesty passed by. The Jackals also took no notice and howled exultantly—probably because they were fleet However, when the Fox gave a yelp, then the Jackals slunk silently around him in their submission to his call, for attention.

The Fox now sat upon his haunches, hautily assuming a presumptious attitude as he addressed the Jackals: "Oh you fleetfooted Jackals give ear unto wise words—the day has come to enthrone among beasts a new king so that the shrewdest beast may be duly respected by all other beasts. I am the king and you shall be my princes if you prove worthy. There shall be a great coronation and you all shall be honored and receive dominion of the Hunting Grounds. To establish my sovereignty there shall be a sacrifice; not upon a raised altar, but in the wierdest pit; not with shedding of blood and consuming flame, but by humiliation and starvation—to appease the fiercest of the gods, so that I, the king, and you, the princes, might be feared by all the beasts of the Wilderness

"Listen, oh you Jackals, on yonder Plain is grewsome Pit—whatsoever beast falls therein has neither water to drink nor meat to eat, not even a bone to gnaw. Let us bribe the Spiders of the Wilderness with Flies so that they spin Cobwebs over the opening of the Pit, and when the Cobwebs have caught the dead Leaves so that the face of the Pit is hidden then we shall entice the Lion into the Pit and sacrifice him at the coronation feast. When the Lion is pitted then shall all of you have your dominion assigned, and the coronation celebration begins, to last till the Lion perishes; then shall all the beasts of the Wilderness respect our reign."

The Fox, presuming to have persuaded the Jackals, auspiciously regarded his audience; then a querulous young Jackal poised on his haunches, his back curved, his head hanging low while his bushy tail curled upwards so that he looked like an interrogation as he responded to the speech of the Fox, saying: "Oh cunning Fox, your shrewdness fails you never; but how shall we catch the Flies to bribe the Spiders, and how shall we induce the spiders to spin their Web over the opening of the Pit, and how shall we compel the Lion to walk on the leafstrewn trap even if we can cover the Pit?" When all this dawned upon the rest of the Jackals, they could see only disappointment in the plan the Fox had made, and they all in one body stood on their haunches, imitating the daring young Jackal who had challenged the wisdom of the Fox.

The Fox was nothing daunted, but rather encouraged, and chuckled over the enthusiasm which this climax, which he had attained so deftly, had aroused; then his eloquence waxed warm as he appealed to their vanities, saying: "Oh you Jackals, fleet footed and keen of scent, you whom I have chosen to reign with me in my kingdom which I shall surely establish, be not confused about the details of my procedure, which I shall not confide to you until you are pledged by a terrible oath not to betray my cause. I have planned for you principalities, if you swear allegiance to me this day; therefore, let every Jackal, who desires to be a prince come forward and lick my feet as a token of allegiance; after you have given me this pledge of your trust in me, then shall you each receive his orders to prepare for the coronation.'

The young Jackal, who was quick to question the plan of the Fox, was now ready to lick his feet. Every Jackal licked the feet of the Fox, and when all had performed this ceremony, his feet were very odorous so that his trail would be scented above every other trail, but in this the Fox prided himself because he thought his feet were so perfumed that all the Jackals of the Wilderness must love to follow his trial.

Now the Fox proudly commanded the Jackals: "Let every Jackal go on the hunt and take heed lest the Lion robs you of your prey. Kill as many deer as you can run down; see that

you safely bury the carcass, against the coronation feast; but first tear open the belly of every prey you slay, and bring the Guts and drop them into the Pit; however, see to it that no fat remains on the Guts, then shall the Flies gather at the Pit; and WHERE THERE ARE FLIES ALIVE THERE THE SPIDERS THRIVE.

When the Spiders have done their task the Wind will do the rest.

"When the Wind will have covered the Web with dead leaves, then shall it be to you all a signal to gather together, bringing with you a choice slain Fawn, which shall be laid at the side of the Pit farthest from the Mountain; then a group of Jackals shall gather at the foot of the Mountain and set up a loud howl to attract the Lion. Another pack of Jackals shall gather at the furthermost side of the Pit, where they shall lie down in silence until the Lion has come to the place at the foot of the Mountain whither the first group will have lured him, then, while they make their escape you at the side of the Pit farthest from the foot of the Mountain must make it appear to be quarreling over the Fawn to attract the Lion to make straight for the Fawn. When the Pit is between the Lion and the Fawn, all the Jackals must flee to decoy the Lion, and not until the Lion is fallen must you return.

"When the Lion is fallen then let your howl proclaim the kingdom, and we shall celebrate, feasting on our prey, until the Lion will be starved. Thenceforth shall every living Lion become your servant, and you shall fatten in your dens while the princes of the vanquished Lion chase your prey into your very mouths." Then all the Jackals set up a great howl: "forever live your cunningness, oh Fox."

Now every Jackal went preying to make the preparation for the great coronation. When the Jackals had brought the Guts of their prey and dropped it into the Pit and filled the place with the stench of its decay, great swarms of Flies came thither and entered the Pit, and circled at the opening like clouds, so that all the Spiders from a great distance gathered there and spun such a Web over the opening of the Pit that it was soon covered, and the Wind blew such an abundance of the dead Leaves upon the Web that the Pit was completely hidden; this was the signal for the gathering together of the Jackals—a group at the base of the Mountain and a group beyond the Pit.

When the Lion heard that the Jackals were howlng, he awoke from a nap and said to Himself: "Now are the Jackals chasing the Deer; I must chase the Jackals or they will exterminate the Deer of the Mountain." Then the Lion went to chase the Jackals. When the Lion had come near to where the first group had set up their howl, they were all silent of a sudden, slinking away into hiding places; but he heard another group howling and growling, making such noises as he often had

heard before and which he knew was a quarrel among the Jackals to divide their prey; he suddenly bounded in that direction, and soon could smell the stench of the Pit,but that did not distract him, for he saw, by the light of the Moon, the slain Fawn, and presumed that while so many were quarreling over what were only a fair meal for himself, he might as well settle the dispute by relieving them of their disputed effects.

As soon as the Jackals saw the approach of the Lion, they fled, leaving their prey between themselves and the covered Pit. Two more bounds, thought the Lion and I shall dine upon the Jackal's quarry, but he took his last bound, so the Jackals thought, and they now returned and set up the most piercing howl that ever echoed in the Wilderness.

Now the sly, malicious Fox came from his hiding place, from whence he had watched the working out of his plot, which had all worked to his utter satisfaction. There was great rejoicing among the Jackals, and their number was so great that they felt no other beast dare interfere except the Fox, who was now to be crowned king of beasts.

Great was the exulting of the Jackals, and each one wanted a good chance to mock at the Lion in his utter humiliation. So great was the enthusiasm among the Jackals that the Fox could no longer control them, nor command them, for the noise of their howling could not be penetrated by the yelping Fox.

So pressing was the pack of Jackals, each one wanted to get near enough to the opening through which the Lion had fallen, so that he could grimmacingly mock the pitted Lion to the face.

The Fox wanted to get them into a procession so that they could all march around the Pit and vent their exultation in the most humilitating manner, and mock the Lion in the most conventional order, but this could not be done. There was confusion and riot among the Jackals—chaos reigned—and in their eagerness each to mock the Lion most, some of their number were pushed into the Pit, only to be slain and have their bones broken by the raging Lion. Those in danger of the Pit would fainly have saved themselves if they could, but the howl of peril could not be distinguished any more from the howl of exultation, so that the fiercer the imperiled ones howled the more they were imperiled by the attempt of every other Jackal to get at the brink of the Pit at the same time.

Now as the Fox despaired of his efforts to control the Jackals, great fear came upon him that the Jackals might claim too much credit for themselves, and fail to recognize his absolute sovereignity; therefore, he contrived to make a display of his popularity with the most monstrous of beasts. The Fox knew where an immense Mammoth had his haunt, which was near by; so he went away to where he found the Mammoth, then he barked and barked at the Mammoth, bit at his big toes and made it so disagreeable for the annoyed Mammoth, that he gave chase,

He lured the Mammoth toward the scene of the Jackals' carousing hoping to convince the Jackals that the Mammoth was doing him homage. No sooner had the Fox and Mammoth emerged from the forest at the foot of the Mountain, when the Mammoth put up a thunderous trumpet; then, while the Fox looked on, another grave misfortune threatened to begloam the beginning of his coronation.

The moon became hidden behind a cloud of dust, yet there was no wind. The Fox saw, and realized that there must be a raging stampede by the largest herd of wild Horses that traversed the Plain. Their course lay along the Mountain and he knew that many of the Jackals must get hurt, for nothing could change the course of the on-rushing stampede.

The Fox saved himself by fleeing undetected over the Mountain; but the Jackals were caught by the stampede and many perished under the hoofs of the Steeds, while many were thrown into the Pit, on whom the Lion vent his force.

As the day dawned and the stampede passed by, leaving many bleeding and dying Jackals between the Pit and the Mountain, the Lion had slain so many Jackals that he had elevated himself on their corpses to such a height that he could leap out of the Pit; and with a triumphant roar, he crouched, made a leap, sprang among the midst of the whining Jackals, who seeing their peril, every one thrust themselves on the mercy of the Lion, who, in lieu of their lives, made them pledge themselves to be his servants for all time.

Unto this day the Jackals are the Lion's slaves, virtually chasing the Lion's prey into his very lair, without thanks or reward. The Fox, upon realizing his peril, had slunk away; and he, unto this day, is wading the streams to wash from his fateful feet, the scent by which he is trailed wherever he walks upon dry ground, while the Lion holds his own as Monarch of the Wild.

*George Keller DeLong.*

# The Pathos of Song

and

# Other Poems

by

George Keller DeLong

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1913

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# PRELUDE.

## PATHOS.

Within me my heart was yearning;
My bosom rose and fell;
My soul felt as if imprisoned in gloom
Within a moving cell.

I sought to find sweeter rapture
In realms yet unexplored:
I longed to float forth on mystical wings
To dreamlands I adored.

The merriment of companions
Was common, cheap and drear—
It was not the sweet melodious chord
In dreams I loved to hear.

The solitude of the woodland,
Where oft I wandered lone,
Afforded to me the pleasures I craved:—
Naught like my phantoms shone.

Then thither I wandered lonely:
My soul yearned to be free
To float with the phantoms moving about,
Forever with them flee.

I gazed through my prison windows
Surveyed the azure sky:
I suddenly heard a musical strain
As if it were quite nigh.

I gazed all around in wonder
And lo! a Fairy Queen
Was heralded by her angel of song:—
An awe inspiring scene.

I trembled like leaflets flutter
When shaken by the breeze;
At once I lay prostrate stricken with awe
And fear on me did seize.

Before I oft heard such music
Yet knew not whence it came,
But longed to have wings to bear me aloof
To mingle with such fame.

But when I beheld this glory
My pride at once did flee,
For then my own insignificance dawned
For the first time on me.

Then parted the chorus singers;
Her throne drew very near,—
A sceptre of laurel over me swayed,
A voice said: "do not fear."

"I'm Queen of poetic pathos;
My son be of good cheer:"
Like mother of pearl is soothing to see
So this was sweet to hear.

I trembled with fear no longer,
Raised my imploring eyes,
Adoring this host thus come unto me—
A host from Paradise.

I uttered an invocation
To her with all my heart:—
"Oh Queen of Poetic pathos of song,
Of thine to me impart."

"My son I can only favor
One who will worthy prove:
If thou wouldst have grace of pathos of song,
Thy fellow thou must love.

"Go then and exert thee manly
And mingle with the throng
To sympathize with thy fellowmen, thus
To help all good along.

"For song that is full of pathos,
Such as does hearts enflame,
Must flow like the rivers flow to the sea—
Return to whence it came.

"The poet is but a channel
Through which the pathos flows
That falls like the rain from vapory clouds
Which from the heart arose—

"Like rivulets ripple sweetly;
Like brooklets murmur low;
At times like the rushing cataracts roar,
Or like deep rivers flow."

Again I made invocation
To her serenity:—
"Oh mother of pathos, grant unto me
The grace of sympathy."

"Go forth to that vale of sorrow
And to the field of strife
Where battle 'gainst odds to climb the rough steep
Those who succeed in life.

"There sorrow with those who sorrow;
There strive with those who strive,
For pathos is wrung from sympathy's chord—
Naught else can it contrive."

Then vanished at once the vision,
And lo! it dawned on me
That 'twas but another one of my dreams
Of my fond reverie.

October 1904.

# THE PATHOS OF SONG.

THE PATHOS OF SONG.

Within a lowly flat a family
Ekes out a life in dire humility.
The father leaves for work at early morn,
Nor does return till eve, all tired and worn.

The mother who is cook and nurse and maid
And washerwoman and a common aid,
Gets up at five a breakfast to prepare,
And thence to lose herself in toil and care.

Her children she prepares to send to school,
And this the while she sings, most as a rule;
Again to hush the little babe she sings
The while another pulls her apron strings.

And while she sweeps the floor she beats the time
To some sweet melody of soothing rhyme;
If she does not in baby talk commune,
She seeks a solace in a soothing tune.

"She must be happy"—oft her neighbors said—
"Or could she sing as if she knew no dread?"
From morn till eve her voice with pathos rings
As she performs her duties while she sings.

What promise makes her e'er so jubilant
While care and duties are e'er dominant?
It seems she could all weariness ignore
As though her labors had some wealth in store.

Is she indeed so happy all day long
That she must needs pour out her soul in song,
Or is she stricken with forlorn and grief
That she indeed must seek in song relief?

Each careworn mother knows, and let her tell
Of griefs forlorn which song alone can quell.
Should this my song evoke a mother's heart—
Its pathos would but sympathy impart.

November 9, 1904.

## WHENCE KNOW I THEN THE BEAUTIFUL.

Whence know I then the beautiful—
The noble and the dutiful—
Through all this life to nobly strive
Lest evil should to me betide?

Whence the conviction me to guide,—
In which to worthily confide
In ev'ry need, at ev'ry time
Ennobling me, e'en in my prime?

I know when I the noble do,—
For then my conscience lauds me: "true,"
But if I do some evil deeds
Then something tells me: "this misleads."

Though in the very light of day—
However lonely I may stray:
Though in the darkness of the night,—
All evils must my conscience blight.

Before mine eyes a vision glows,
Which dark of night cannot dispose,
How my dear mother gazes on
My ev'ry deed which I have done.

In her rebuking gaze I see
That she is much displeased with me.
I swerve to hide my face from hers
While shame within my bosom stirs.

This vision haunts me ever still
With dread and horror me to fill,
Until conviction humbles me
Within my mothers sight to be.

But when the beautiful I do,
She blesses me my whole life through:
Like angels' song in heavenly realms
Her lauding smile me overwhelms.

(The original of this poem was written in Penna. German, later translated to German and finally translated to English on September 8th, 1905.)

## TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

Tears like a clear flowing fountain—
The crystal drops of life—
Bubble not like from the mountain
But through the vale of strife.

Laughter flows cheap from the Hillside;—
Let once the storm betide,
Mingle its waters with filth-tide:—
Who would in such confide?

Deep in the vale by a river
I know a fountain pure:
Fain would I be such a giver—
Its crystal drops endure.

Freshets may rise and floods cover
The fountain vale and all,
Yet flow its crystal drops over—
Naught else can it appall:

Treasured by many who, fainting,
Have found there grace to keep;
Spurning the cheap and the tainting—
The laughter all too cheap.

March 23, 1905.

## BEAUTY.

Hail! hail beauty, hail!—
Grace of the virtuous soul:
May you never fail
While the eternal years roll.

Sweet is your perfume:
Soothing as orchards in spring
When they're all abloom:
Let me your praises all sing.

Bright is your display:
Clear as the sun in its height;
As its bright'ning ray
You of the soul are the light.

Ceaseless is your flow:
Fountain whose water is life
Unto them who go
Into the world and its strife.

Deep, like rivers flow:
Gently but murmuring not;
You are even so,
Still you were never forgot.

Like a Springtime breeze;
Gentle and mellow and low,
Coming o'er the seas
Ever refreshing you blow.

Smooth with tranquil calm;
Quiet as lakes in the mount's;
Ne'er a wave of harm
Rose on your wide spreading haunts.

Firm, e'en as a rock:
Ever unshaken, unmoved;—
Give me of your stock—
Key, to be happy, behooved.

Beauty, beauty fair,
Enter within my own heart:
Cherished love and care,
Let me of you be a part.

January 27, 1903.

N. B.—As a song sing last stanza as Chorus.

# MEMOIRS OF CHILDHOOD.

## RAMBLES.

How dear to us were childhood days
While we partook in childish plays.
Together we did scamper round
And plucked the blossoms that we found.

Our utmost skill we both did try
To catch the flitting butterfly.
Bald bumblebees that had no sting,
We held within our hands to sing.

Grass-hoppers we did make them chew
And spiders make them spider too.
We clung unto the grapevine swing,
With childish glee did shout and sing.

We waded in the shallow stream
Whose murmur mingled with our scream.
We watched the minnows darting fast,
The tadpoles slowly paddling past.

We built our playhouse in the wood
With stones and sticks as best we could.
Our carpets—finest ever seen—
were softest moss of velvet green.

The toadstools served us many ways
For ornamental bright arrays.
There never was a tint or hue
That was not in our toadstools too:

And there were Winter berries red
Which graced the tables that we set;
And berries of most any kind
That in the wood we chanced to find.

Round apples, sweet, and plums and pears
And cherries were among our fares.
All things upon our table found
Most gracefully were passed around.

But thus it never more can be
To romp around in childish glee.
To manliness we must conform
If we would gain against the storm.

While pushing 'gainst the storm of life
We too were parted in our strife:
Though none the other can forget—
'Tis seldom since that we have met.

## THE BROOK.

Behold the brook, the merry brook,
So busy on the lay;
It runs about in ev'ry nook
Most happy all the day.

It reaches up the mountain slope
To draw supplies from there;
It e'er seems happy filled with hope
That God will for it care.

Though mountains quake and rocks do roll
Swift down the mountain slope,
It ever presses toward its goal
Without deprived of hope.

Though rocks will roll within its way
And try to box it up,
It ne'er will be compelled to stay
Nor drink the captive's cup.

Why can it then not be constrained
The captive's cup to drink?—
Because 'tis ever diligent
And ever does not shrink.

Instead of weeping when 'tis faced
With stones to block its way
It rises up until 'tis raised
Then hurries on its sway.

Just onward as before it drains
And sings its merry song,
The hillside down and through the plain
Refreshing all along.

Thus by the brook so bright and gay
A lesson sweet is taught:—
To onward march without delay
Ne'er to despair be brought.

It shows us how to faithful be
And never to despair
But trust that God our need does see
And takes of us good care.

As God does lead the brook along
Supplied with water sweet
So God leads on the faithful throng
Provided with good speed.

(1898) This was the very first poem that I attempted—I was 17 years of age, attending the Lyons Grammar School at the time, where it was presented as a Friday noon composition.

## SWINGING ON THE TREE TOP.

Blow wind blow make me go
Gently to and fro:
Let me know, you are so
Swectly soft and low.

While I swing I will sing
Till the echoes ring
Here I cling to this thing
In a treetop swing.

Oh how sweet this retreat—
Lovely, yes indeed.
Here I beat 'gainst the heat
Like a bird so fleet.

Light and free—don't you see?—
And I sing with glee,
For with me happily
All things fun will be.

When the days of our plays
Will have run their race,
May the chase leave a trace,
On each smiling face.

May the rays speak their praise
Through each troubling craze
Childhood lays humor raise
That relieves amaze.

January 1903.

# RECITATIONS.

## REGRET.

If a word too freely spoken
  Only fell on no one's ears—
Many ties were still unbroken,—
  Shunned were many bitter tears.

If a blow in wrath commanded
  Only missed its deadly aim—
Conscience were then not tormented,—
  Many cripples were not maim.

If a deed done far too hasty
  Could just once more be undone—
We would gladly live more tasty,
  And a better course we'd run.

If our days of idle leisure
  Could be brought back once again—
We would gladly store a treasure,—
  Time would never pass in vain.

If we could recall the slighted
  Opportunities passed by—
All our errors would be righted,—
    We would find no time to sigh.

October 13, 1902.

## HAVE A PURPOSE.

As on life's tow-path you do tread,
  What is your point in view,—
Your goal in view, that you don't dread
  To meet and greet it too.

Your purpose what?—or do you think
  Of such there is no need,
Or at the very thoughts do shrink
  And never take such heed?

To face the future do you dare
  Not knowing where you go,—
Without a purpose, or a care,
  Now living on—'just so'?

Your eyes do cast without delay
  Into the future far:
"I do not care"—dare not to say
  But shape your purpose now.

Are you in youth?—remember then
  That manhood you will see
Ere it is likely that you can
  All misconducting flee.

Arouse! Then let your soul arouse!
  No longer now delay,
But do some purpose now espouse,
  Or you too long might stay.

Do know that time awaits no man—
  That you must ne'er be late,
Employ your time of leisure then
  To be just up to date.

Just for a time around you gaze
    And view the busy fairs,
And see if not now with amaze
  Some purpose greetings bears.

If on you smiles some purpose then
  And promise to you bears,
No more delay but like a man
  Approach your good welfares.

Oh! do apply your talents all
  To meet your greeting goal
Be cautious then lest you should fall
  And miss your name on roll.

(March 27, 1899; written as a finis to an oration delivered at the Long Swamp Commencement, May 19, 1899.)

## VOCATION.

Be it in the field where the midday sun
  Licks the hot sweat that o'er your brow does run;
Be it in the stall where the bovine low
  Mingles with your song while the milkstreams flow;

Be it in the depth of the deep mine drift
  In the foul damp air through the too long shift;
Be it in the shop midst the flying sparks
  In the early morn ere yet soar the larks;

Be it shoveling coal on a flying train
  Midst the clouds of smoke which your face do stain;
Be it speeding on while your hand controls
  The strong engine power that swift onward rolls;

Be it with the sick—with the stricken one
  Where denyingly loving deeds are done;
Be it pushing through darkness, shine or rain
  That you may relieve those who are in pain;

Be it in the school teaching children so
  That through all their years they may wisdom know;
Be it preaching truth—pulpit or from stage—
  That God's children may hear from age to age;

Be it at the bar causes to espouse
  For rebuke of crime justice to arouse;
Be it at the helm of the "Ship of State"
  Guiding safely on through its ev'ry fate;

Be it in strange home as a servant maid,
  Doing any work for a sal'ry paid;
Be it keeping house for a husband dear
  While at the same time you your children rear;

Your vocation be whatsoe'er it may
  Tact and talent will ever have their sway,—
Virtues are alone—claims to dignity;
  Ev'ry other claim is all vanity.

## THE SHIP SUCCESS.

Awake! oh soul awake!
  How long will you concede
Through hibernating sleep?—
  Arouse yourself and shake
The shackles from your feet
  That you ignored do keep.

Arouse! oh do arouse!
  Do try to realize
That now has come the time
  That you your cause espouse
If you your welfare prize
  With heart and will sublime.

Your future is so near;
How sacred is your time,
Once lost no more regained,
And life is e'er so dear
While yet in youthful prime
While vigor is retained.

Remember when you're old—
Your chances of reform
Are gone forever more:
While youth is strong and bold
You can yourself conform
To noble stately lore.

A stately style acquire,
The family honor raise,
So shape your ev'ry years
That friends will you admire
And raise their voice in praise
With their regards sincere.

Dare virtue to denounce
With all its gracefulness
And its polite pure way—
And you're the worst of clowns:
Your act is none the less
Than criminal display.

Why should you then insist
To wallow in the mire
Quite in the gutter's depth?
Why then so lowly list?
Do you not oft desire
To upward stride your steps?

Have you ambitions great,
And put in luck your hope;
Or stately things desire
Expecting ne'er the fate
E'er to possess the scope,
Nor ought with force acquire?

Your ship is anchorless:
In high winds you are doomed;
You ne'er can sail through storm;
Nor will you e'er possess
Success which you presumed
Would to your wish conform.

Ambition—with great stress—
And perseverance's hope
Are anchors of the ship
In virtue called Success
Possessing ev'ry scope
From hull to topmast tip.

The breeze which sweeps you on
Is courage called by name;
The sails which spread before
Are virtues—ne'er to shun;
The stately helm of fame
Is wisdom evermore.

Our institutions great
Are guiding stars above;
Our ev'ry day a sea;
Vocation ports of fate;
Heroical true love
Preserves us brave and free.

Do seek what port you will;
What you would fain possess—
For what your heart may crave—
If you'd your course fulfill,
Do man the ship Success
And dare the surging wave.

September 23, 1902.

# FOR YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

## PASSION'S DREAM.

My wooing soul now bleeds for you;
For you my heart is beating too:
Hope I'm not too impertinent
And that my dream you'll understand.

As I upon my pillow lay
Last night and dreamt the night away;
As visions rose and visions fell
There rose one vision I must tell.

Oblivion shades my former dreams
While this last vision glows and gleams:
My heart beats time to the refrain
That cupid chants—chants he in vain?

You stood beneath the apple tree
As down the road you gazed to see
The one for whom your heart did beat,
Awaiting me with love to greet.

The apple tree was all abloom;
The air was filled with sweet perfume;
The western sky was all aglow;
The breeze lulled sweetly soft and low.

As I along the roadway sped
With beating heart and anxious tread—
As to your homestead I drew nigh
I strained my eyes for you to spy.

My utmost wish was gratified
When suddenly my eyes you spied:
My heart beat fast—my nerve was thrilled,
My longing soul with hope was filled.

With quickened step I hurried on—
I felt as though I needs must run,
As I drew near, your gleaming eyes
Betrayed your soul's sweet paradise.

When I embraced you with a kiss
Your face gleamed with angelic bliss—
And when I whispered words of love
Then Cupid chanted from above:

"To you and only you I'll give
My heart as long as e'er I live—
My love is yours and yours alone
While both we live or one is gone."

I pressed your bosom to my own;
Your soft brown eyes with beaming shown
When there I vowed yours to remain—
To happiness you did attain.

I felt your happy beating heart,—
From which I never more can part,—
As there against my own it beat,
Which us to happiness did lead.

My heart, it beat an extra stroke
At which I from this dream awoke
To find myself in bed bereaved
Of all my joy which me much grieved.

I sat up in my bed to hark
And looked around, but all was dark:
I felt as though I must be dazed—
In my bereavement I was crazed.

All sleep was gone so I arose—
For rest I could no more repose—
I dressed and paced the bedroom floor
And wished that I had dreamt some more.

I hardly could be reconciled—
I thought it must needs drive me wild,
Because with heart and soul I long
To tell you how my love is strong

You are the only one below
On whom my love I can bestow,
And so when we again do meet
I hope you likewise me can greet.

Don't think me cowardly, my dear,
Nor that to speak these words I fear:
I can't afford to wait till then
When we perchance would meet again.

From you I cannot keep a dream
That so forboding all does seem,
And hope that you with me can share
The happiness that is so rare.

You'll make we wretched if you choose—
If you can e'er my love refuse:
You'll make me happy while I live
If you can now my love receive.

* * *

'Twas thus a youth wrote to his love
As he with youthful passions strove,
And thus upon his love prevailed
But later wished that he had failed.

Angelic smile and formal kiss
Were all that made him dream of bliss:
With painful grief he realized
That he had erred when he life sized.

Had he but gazed beyond those eyes
Into the soul where virtue lies;
Had he but sought her virtues out
Instead of formal habits proud;

Had he but found her in the dough
It would have made saliva flow—
His lips were then more moist to kiss
His love with genuine sweet bliss.

A craving stomach moves the heart
With passion that ills will impart:
Eyes, cheeks and lips will loose their charm
When virtue fails the soul to calm.

## LOVE'S DREAM.

Visions of happiness—portraits of love;
Longings and yearnings to have one's own home,
Which to deserve one must daringly strove
Lest one's vain folly the future should gloam.

Walls of the grace of care built quite replete;
Roofed with subservency running no leak:
Neath such a shelter 'gainst loss and defeat
There should the love light's glow never be weak.

Aired with devotional fervency's zeal;
Warmed with benevolent sympathy's grace,
Yielding the grace of the heart's fond appeal;
Furnished with refuge all woes to efface.

Blest is the heart that enraptured can feel,
Daring to do ought that sorrows allay:
Passions well bitted and harnessed, reveal
Speed which must win in the chariot race.

January 9, 1904.

## TWO MAIDENS.

Once two fair maidens both walked in small shoes,
Petticoats, skirts and bright waistcoats in hues:
Then came a knight wearing chivalrous airs
Striving with care to avoid catchy snares.

Fair were these maidens to look on forsooth,
Stirring the chivalrous blood of this youth:
Both of these maidens his courtship he paid,
Yet but at one's feet his trophies he laid.

One was angelic—for him had a smile—
Out of his sight she was grave all the while:
One was so fickle and prone to deceive—
Out of his sight she would laugh in her sleeve.

One of them married—a cottage their home:
One an old maid quite forsaken does roam.
This little ballad, fair maden, peruse
Guessing the maiden the brave knight did choose.

February 13, 1905.

## PASSIONS.

Once three fair youths took to journey to find
Grace that would make three fair maidens to mind:
Fair were these maidens with graces serene;
Worshipped was each by one youth as his queen.

Strode they together the wilderness through;
Soon found a plain that was fertile and blue:
Filled with emotion because they had found
Homes which of needs full of grace must abound.

Each took a portion—a third as his share—
Striving henceforth their own homes to prepare:
Proudly they planned how they soon hoped to fare,
Ah! but three troops of wild horses roamed there.

Two flowing rivers divided the plain:
One—Disposition; one—Circumstance—twain
Bordered the land which the fool occupied,
While Disposition the simple defied.

One was so simple—the steeds killed outright,
Dug with a spade and rejoiced in his plight:
Came his fair maiden, with silent content
Both of them lived what of life they could spend.

One was a fool and the horses gave chase—
Shooing them off; they came back in each case:
Came his fair maiden to starve in her place,
Pining while he was away on the chase.

One was discreet, and a lasso he made,—
Lassoed the steeds and their spoiling hence stayed:
Bitted and harnessed they worked in the plow—
Happy and wealthy this wise man was now.

Came his fair maiden, with him hence to bide—
Happy was she in his carriage to ride.
This little legend of steeds, my young friends,
Read, and remember—with passions it blends.

March 16, 1905.

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